

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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Vol. 19.

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Tempting With Temptation.
With me.
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PHIL. COTTECARUM

CITY

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NO. 18.

THE SPY OF NAEFELS.

THE village of Naefels is situated on the river Linth in the canton of Glarus, Switzerland. It lies in a fruitful little valley, the mountains surrounding which appear to be almost impassable, while an only narrow defile admits of passage for the isolated people. Glarus, with its lofty peaks, fertile land and pure air being naturally calculated to inspire a love of freedom, its inhabitants had taken sides with other cantons against the rulers of Austria who sought to usurp control of all Switzerland.

The Winter of 1837-8 had been a severe one and snow had been piled up to a great depth in the mountain ravines. In fact they had been thought by the people to be impenetrable by an army, and consequently perfect security from an invasion of the enemy was felt. Then imagine the surprise of the inhabitants of Glarus when the news came, even before the snow had disappeared, that the enemy were at the opposite end of the pass preparing to march upon the unsuspecting Swiss. For a time the utmost confusion prevailed, as only two hundred of the natives could be gathered to defend the pass, the rest having scattered during the Winter to attend to their various occupations.

It was deemed necessary for the success of the defense to send some trusty person to the camp of the enemy, there to secretly learn of the intended movements. But who would go? Such an adventure might cost the person who attempted it his life. Nothing daunted, young Hans Benter stepped

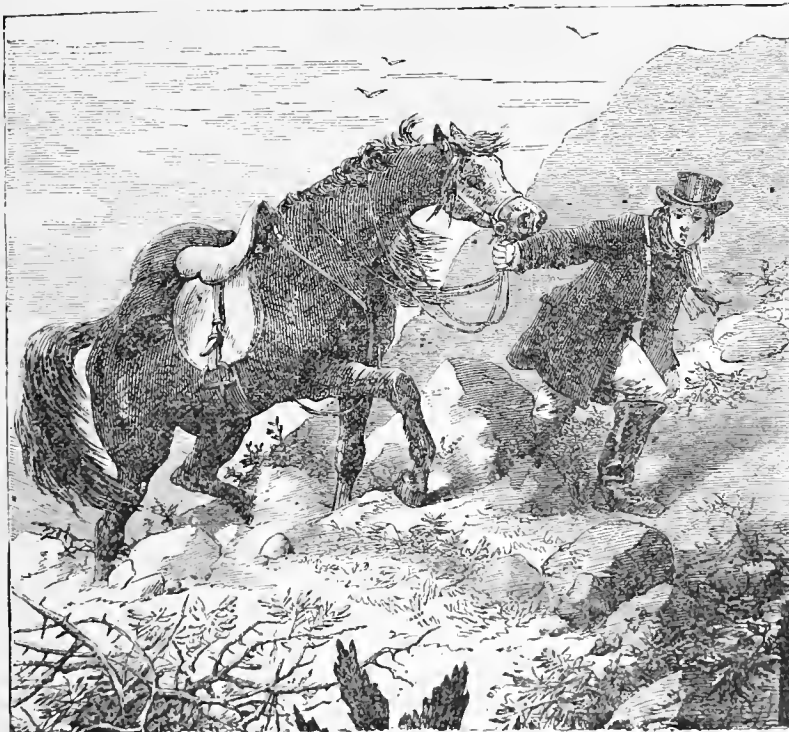
forward and offered his services. He had barely reached manhood, but his superior in point of bravery and caution could scarcely be found. The perilous duty was given him.

With all possible speed the brave youth ascended the high mountains bordering the pass, as if in search of stray animals and, as it appeared to the Austrians, unexpectedly came into their camp. He was suspected as a spy and was immediately taken before the general of the army, who questioned him

closely, but saw and heard nothing to make him suspicious. He was therefore released, but forbidden to leave the camp and a strict watch was placed over him. He cautiously worked his way into the good graces of the men and soon became acquainted with their plans. But how to convey the intelligence to his countrymen was the next question of importance.

Early one morning he found those who had been detailed to look after him less watchful than usual, and he therefore prepared to escape. Seeing a horse with a saddle and bridle standing near which he quickly recognized as one that

had been stolen from his countrymen, he vaulted into the saddle, and before his captors could recover from their surprise he was beyond their reach. They sent several bullets after him, however, which only tended to quicken his pace. Hans was acquainted with almost every foot of ground in the region and he was not long in traversing an unfrequented path over the mountains in plain sight of the enemy and reaching his



friends in the valley below. The news of the spy's escape spread as rapidly through the camp of the enemy as the news of his return did among his friends. Equal, too, was the activity attending the event in both places. The former, realizing that their plans would be made known, prepared for an immediate attack, while the latter made the best possible preparations for defense.

On the 9th of April the Austrians began to move. Part of the army attacked the protectors of the pass while the remainder scaled the mountains and came up in the rear. The Swiss were obliged to retreat, and Naefels was soon in flames. The elated soldiers scattered in all directions to plunder. This gave the Swiss an opportunity to again collect themselves, and with the addition of some men from other places they were soon able to assemble on a small mountain near by and present quite a formidable front to the enemy. Seeing this the Austrians assembled and tried to drive the Swiss from their position, but as they approached they were met by such a shower of stones from the heights above that they were forced to retreat. The Swiss, thinking to take advantage of the confusion, rushed from their position on the enemy but were forced to return to the mountain. Again the Austrians made an assault and were again repulsed, and the Swiss tried the same manœuvre as before with a like result. Thus the battle continued until the eleventh charge was made, when the defenders being strengthened by a small force from a neighboring canton utterly routed their opponents forcing them to retreat in the utmost confusion leaving much booty and many of their dead on the battle-field.

OUTLINE OF ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

BY J. H. W.

BEFORE the birth of our Savior, the literal seed of Abraham were the only people who worshiped the true God. All other nations worshiped different imaginary beings which existed only in their uninstructed fancies. Whatever of truth they knew was derived from the Hebrews, from tradition or from the glimmerings of inspiration which some of their great minds enjoyed. Many of the names to these imaginary gods have been forgotten yet some knowledge of what was believed of them may not be amiss, as they are much spoken of in some of the finest works of ancient times, and are still mentioned by many modern writers. The Greeks and Romans were the most civilized of heathen nations; and their influence is still felt in the manners and customs of modern nations. They, in common with the Egyptians and other eastern nations, placed the reign of the gods previous to the race of mortals.

First in the order of time came Chaos or confusion. He was said to possess all the seeds of nature. Erebus or darkness was his son. Broad-breasted Earth was the mother of the gods. She married Uranus or the sky. The Titans were their children, also the Cyclopes, a race of gigantic size, said to have had only one eye and that in the middle of their foreheads. The Titans made war against their father who was wounded by Saturn the youngest of his sons. Saturn is the same as Time; his reign was called the golden age, and then the earth produced grain and fruits without labor, and justice

prevailed over all mankind. Saturn was said to have been deposed by his son Jupiter, also called Jove, who then divided his father's power between himself and his two brothers, Neptune and Pluto. From the drops of blood, which flowed from Chaos when wounded by Saturn, sprang the Giants, the Furies and the Nymphs. The Giants were men of uncommon size and strength. The Furies were three goddesses whose names signified the Unceasing, the Envier and the Blood-Avenger. They were represented with looks full of terror, each brandishing a torch in one hand and a scourge of snakes in the other. They were employed by the gods to torment guilty consciences and punish the crimes of bad men. The Nymphs were beautiful female forms who were supposed to be the guardians of every useful art and science. Some of them watched over the shepherds' flocks, and the herds upon the hills; some protected the vineyards, the orchards, the gardens and fields of the husbandman. Some dwelt in the sea and were ever ready if the gods so decreed to aid and comfort the wave-tossed mariner; while others still, inspired the poets, the musicians, the sculptors, the painters and philosophers with the genius and desire to bless mankind.

Saturn, though deposed, yet as the controller of time—the seasons and the years—had a vast influence in the affairs of men. The three most active deities were Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto. Jupiter was said to reign over heaven and held his court or council of the gods on Mount Olympus, a high mountain of Greece. He was called by the ancient poets "The king of gods and men;" and the eagle is represented as the bearer of his thunderbolts. Neptune, the god of the sea was represented with a three-pronged spear in his hand, instead of a sceptre. He was supposed to be drawn in a chariot by sea-horses, with his son Triton blowing a trumpet made of a sea-shell, and dolphins playing around him. The dominions of Pluto were the regions of the departed, which were divided into two parts called Tartarus and Elysium. Tartarus was the place where the souls of the wicked were punished; Elysium was the scene of perpetual happiness allotted to the good.

The passage from the earth to these regions was across the river Acheron, over which the departed spirits were conveyed by an old boatman named Charon. The farther bank was guarded by a dog having three heads, named Cerberus. There were two remarkable rivers there, one named Styx which the gods used to swear by when they wished to make their oaths very solemn; and another named Lethe which caused whoever bathed in it to forget the past. Mars, said to be the son of Jupiter was the god of war. He was supposed to be of great size and possessed of prodigious strength; his voice was louder than that of ten thousand mortals. He is represented as a warrior standing in a chariot with Bellona his sister for a charioteer. Terror and Fear accompany him, Discord, in tattered garments goes before him, and Anger and Clamor follow.

Mercury was the confidant, messenger, interpreter and ambassador of the gods. He was himself the god of eloquence, persuasion and secrecy: hence the patron of orators and merchants, also of thieves and robbers. He was said to be the most expert thief that ever lived. He was said to have invented the lyre, first formed a written alphabet by means of which mortals could communicate their thoughts, and instituted commerce. He is represented as a youth with wings to his cap and to his heels.

Apollo, the god of music, archery and medicine, was represented as the perfection of manly beauty, driving a chariot

and holding a bow in one hand, with a golden quiver of arrows at his back.

Vulcan was the god of fire and patron of all those who work in metals. It was said he forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter; also the arms and armor of the gods. He once, as the story goes, offended Jupiter, who kicked him out of heaven, and falling on the island of Lemnos, he broke his leg and was lame ever after. It was said that one of his principal forges was the crater of the celebrated volcano Mount Etna.

Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, was the most beautiful of all the goddesses. She was sometimes represented as drawn in a chariot by swans, sometimes in a shell drawn by Toitons—sea deities that were half human. Her favored objects were swans, doves, sparrows, the rose and the myrtle.

Juno was the sister and wife of Jupiter, and queen of the goddesses. Ceres was the goddess of plenty. Her picture is often seen as flying in the air carrying seeds, fruits and flowers which she scatters upon the earth. Proserpine was her daughter whom the grim god Pluto carried away to the realms of the departed.

Diana, the exact counterpart of her brother Apollo, was queen of the woods, and the goddess of hunting. She devoted herself to perpetual celibacy, and her chief joy was to speed over the hills in pursuit of the flying game. She is represented as a strong, active maiden, lightly clad, with a bow or hunting spear in her hand, a quiver of arrows on her shoulders and attended by a hound.

Minerva was the goddess of wisdom and skill, hence the patroness of poetry. She is represented with a serious and thoughtful countenance, her hair in ringlets over her shoulders, a helmet on her head, in one hand a spear and in the other a shield. Vesta was the goddess that presided over the homes of mortals, hence the patroness of domestic happiness. In every Grecian city an altar was dedicated to her on which a sacred fire was kept constantly burning.

The foregoing are the principal gods of this strange system of mythology; but there were many others of a second or lower order. Thus Bacchus was the god of wine, and patron of drunkenness and debauchery. Eolus was the god of the winds; the north wind was called Boreas, the south wind Auster, the east wind Eurus, and the west wind Zephyrus. Momus was the god of satire, and likewise of laughter and jokes. Hymen was the god of marriage; he is represented carrying a burning torch, a figure, no doubt, of the trials incident to married life. Cupid was the god of love; he is represented as a beautiful child, but blind, and carries a bow and arrows. Janus, the god of battles, had two faces, indicating deceit; his temple was open in time of war and closed in time of peace. Esculapius was a god of medicine, inferior to Apollo. Pan was the god of shepherds. He and other rural deities called Satyrs, Fauns, and Sylvens had figures which were half man and half goat; they dwelt chiefly in forests.

There were likewise a great number of demi-gods or half-gods, who were supposed to have a god for their father, and a woman for their mother. The principal one of these was Hercules, who was accounted the god of strength, from his having performed some wonderful undertakings called his "Twelve Labors." He is represented leaning on a large club, and wearing a lion's skin. Another was Iris, the goddess of the rainbow and still another was Hebe, the goddess of youth, a kind of maid-servant who handed round the nectar at the banquet of the gods. The Muses were the special attendants of the poets and musicians, without whose assist-

ance neither poets nor musicians could excel. The Graces were three young female forms and signified respectively, Splendor, Joy and Pleasure.

The Harpies were three-winged monsters who had female faces, and the bodies, wings and claws of birds—demons who ruled the storms and directed their blasts.

The Fates were three goddesses who presided over the destinies of mortals. Clotho held the distaff, Lachesis spun each one's portion of the thread of life and Atropos cut off the thread with her scissors.

Such is the brief outline of Grecian mythology. The legends of the gods and goddesses are numerous, and some of them of exceeding interest and beauty, while others shock and disgust us by the gross impossibilities and hideous deformities which they reveal.

TAMPERING WITH TEMPTATION.

(Continued from page 270.)

A BARRISTER rose and stated the case. He had been instructed to say that the prisoner was the prosecutor's apprentice—that for some time almost unlimited confidence was reposed in him by his master, whose business required his frequent absence from his shop, which was then left in charge of the prisoner at the bar. It was grievous to see, he said, a youth of such respectable connections and such promising appearance standing in so shameful and degrading a position; but the ends of justice would be defeated by the exercise of any ill-timed and ill-bestowed pity; and he put it to the jury, as a matter of strict duty, not to permit their feelings to be influenced by considerations which would turn aside the powers of the law. Indeed, added the lawyer, if rightly considered, the respectability of the prisoner, and the education he had received, were reasons why, if guilty, he should be more severely dealt with; because these circumstances only aggravated his crime. For he would be proved to have done wrong, well knowing that it was wrong, and without the excuses which might be urged on behalf of an untaught youth, who had never had the advantages of a good example set before him.

The barrister then went on to state (which he did with terrible clearness) the evidences of guilt which would presently be brought forward by the witnesses for the prosecution. He told how, only a few weeks since, suspicion was awakened in the thoughts of the prosecutor that his much-trusted apprentice was acting unfaithfully towards him, and was making a purse for himself, instead of accounting for all the moneys he received in the course of business; and how, sometimes by sending, from time to time, certain friends of his own, and at other times by employing strangers to purchase goods at his shop during his absence, he at length obtained conclusive proofs of the young man's dishonesty. "All this," the lawyer continued, "will be detailed in the evidence which will be given by the witnesses who will be called for the prosecution. And to make the matter more clear, it will be shown that several pieces of money, which had previously been secretly marked by the prosecutor, were found in the prisoner's possession; and that, besides this, he had hidden up in his

box a large sum of money, for which he could give no proper account, but which, there is no reasonable doubt, is the result of a long-continued habit of pilfering."

It was observed by those who listened to this gentleman that he threw a great deal of sharpness and acrimony into his address, so as almost to give an appearance of personal enmity against the young prisoner at the bar. And Bernard, who heard every sentence he uttered with feelings almost amounting to terror, thought how cruel it was in the lawyer to try to raise a prejudice against him in that manner. That he was guilty, he knew; but would it not have been more kind in the paid advocate to have softened, if by ever so little, his denunciations of guilt, instead of making it appear so very black and inexcusable? There was another feeling, too, which the prisoner had, and for which he could not account. It was an impression that he had before seen this very harsh and energetic lawyer, and had heard his rather peculiar voice; but he was too confused and overwhelmed with shame while that person was speaking to follow up this impression by an appeal to his memory. He left off thinking of this, therefore, and only experienced a sort of miserable relief when the speech was ended.

But this relief, such as it was, did not last long. For when several witnesses were called, and had told what they had to say, poor Bernard's heart sank within him, all the little courage he had failed, and he wished, oh, how much! that the trial was over.

True, another counselor, who was engaged to take the prisoner's part, and to make the best of the case that he could, rather sharply questioned some of the witnesses, and tried to shake their testimony. But it was useless; the crime was so clearly proved that everybody in the court, and most of all, the prisoner himself felt sure of what the verdict would be.

There was one thing more to be done, however, on the prisoner's behalf. Several persons had offered to come forward to bear testimony to the previous good character of Bernard Martin. Some of these had known him from childhood, and truly declared that they had never known him to be guilty of dishonesty, and that they would have been willing to trust him with uncounted money. This was not of much avail, certainly, against the clear evidence of the present guilt, though it probably had some little effect upon the minds of the jury.

But these witnesses were not allowed to say all that they could favorably say about the prisoner without being cross-examined a little by the counselor who had been so severe against him.

"Do you mean to say," he asked one of these witnesses, "that if, for instance, as an imaginary case, you had given him, at any time, a half-sovereign in mistake for a sixpence, that, in your opinion, he would have had the honesty to rectify the blunder on the first opportunity?"

"I should have had no doubt of his doing this," said the kind-hearted witness.

"Thank you; that will do," said the lawyer.

And now, amidst all his terror and mortification and shame, flashed in upon Bernard Martin's mind where and when he had before met that lawyer, and heard his voice. He was the stranger whom, two years before, he had thus cheated; and who, recognizing in the prisoner the lad who had taken advantage of his mistake, was now taking his personal revenge upon him.

KILAUEA.

BY P.

LEAVING this lake we proceeded to the New Lake passing over a recent flow from which the sulphurous gas was nearly suffocating, we took up our position on the brink of the pit where we could have a good view of the whole lake. This pit is said by the guide to be one and a half miles in circumference, but, as before, I was a little incredulous about it. It appears to me that distances in this region are a little uncertain, whether it is because the goddess Pele who has her abode in these fiery pits and rules this part of the world has a different standard of measurement than mortals have I know not, but one thing is certain, I never can get a satisfactory understanding of distances if I take the word of the residents. It is often remarked by those traveling from one place to another, that the nearer they approach their destination the farther off they are if they rely upon the information derived from the natives.

At New Lake there appeared more activity, the lava was being thrown up in several places and cracks and seams began to appear in different directions over the surface of the whole lake, and especially the farther side began to show increased activity which, spreading rapidly, the whole crust of the lake appeared like the breaking up of the ice on some body of water by some internal commotion, until the whole lake was one seething mass of bubbling fire. The fiery mass was thrown ten or twenty feet in the air and then fell again with a heavy splash into the liquid below or scattering in fiery balls, small particles of it were blown off in fine threads called Pele's hair, a sample of which the guide gathered for us. After the general break up it gradually subsided and a new crust was formed, except in places where it would continue to throw immense columns of fire, and again long seams would open and display to view the molten mass beneath. Such an ever-varying scene was presented that it seemed we were loath to leave it, one could but wonder how extensive the reservoir of fire beneath us really was and how thick the crust which separated the busy world above from the consuming element beneath. What a fearful spectacle when it belches forth, flowing off in rivers, consuming everything perishable in its course!

Some wonderful stories are told concerning the lava flows. At one time a native grass house stood directly in the path of the moving mass of fire which parted leaving the house unharmed as it were upon an island, and re-uniting again below. This house is pointed out to-day as one of the wonders of the island. The Hawaiians believe the volcano to be the abode of the goddess Pele, who at times assumes the form of a beautiful woman; many strange stories are told concerning her. The natives used to throw hogs, fruits, etc., into the pit to appease her wrath. The priests no doubt worked upon the credulity of the people as a means of extortion and to make them more subservient to their wishes.

We stayed until night closed in that we might view the scene in the darkness. The disappointment I felt at the lake of *Halemauuan* was forgotten in the grand display of fireworks witnessed at the New Lake. Although the altitude of this place is only 4,100 feet the air is quite cool and a fire in the old-fashioned fire-place very acceptable, and an extra blanket on the bed not out of place. In the morning the air felt more like home weather than anything we have experienced in this country and our horses shivered with the cold.

We had an early breakfast and at six o'clock were off in good spirits, stopping at Makaka to get dinner and rest, arriving at the landing just in time to catch the last boat. The sea was very rough, the breakers rolling in fearfully, and although it looked dangerous to attempt going through in a small boat we thought better to chance it than to remain there ten days waiting for the steamer to return. With the exception of a partial wetting for some of us, we went through without accident. We bade Brothers M. and M. good-bye, as they were to continue their labors among the natives of this side of the island. We left Punaluu at four o'clock in the afternoon and arrived at Malaia, on the island of Maui, at nine in the evening of the next day. Here we landed designing to visit the extinct crater of *Haleakala* if possible. Six miles by coach took us to Wailuku, a town of considerable importance where we were the guests of Sister Kapukini, who is a noble woman and of the blood of the highest chiefs, and although now poor is treated by the common people with the greatest respect. Notwithstanding her house and surroundings were not very elegant we were treated the very best, and provided with all we needed to make our stay comfortable. In consequence of not having our arrangements made before-hand we were unable to procure horses in time to make the trip to *Haleakala* without consuming more time than we had allotted ourselves. We had, however, the novelty of a ride on a railroad for some ten miles and back which was quite an adventure in this island country. After spending a few days very pleasantly during which time we had the pleasure of meeting Elders P. and B., and meeting with the Saints and Relief Society of the Wailuku branch, we took passage on the fine steamer *Kinai* at five o'clock on the morning of the 19th and landed at Honolulu at a quarter past two p. m. Notwithstanding the sea-sickness we had experienced, and the lightness of our pockets on returning we were sensible of the fact that we had viewed one of the wonders of the world, and were satisfied.

BURIED ALIVE.

"I WISH I were dead!" exclaimed Jack Porter, in an irritable tone.

"Why so?" asked a cheery voice beside him.

"Because I don't see any use in living if I've got to dig in the mines all my days. Some people seem to have all the good things in this world, and others nothing but hard work. There's Ruff Hare, a lazy, stupid fellow at school, going off now to travel, with plenty of money to spend, and all the airs of a grand gentleman, just because his father had the luck to buy a bit of land with a rich vein of coal in it; while here am I toilin' and moilin' in the dirt from morning till night, when I might be something or somebody if I had a chance——"

"And were selfish enough to leave your mother and sister to take care of themselves. Well now, suppose, like me, you were blind, and had not seen the sun for twenty years, and could earn only enough to keep soul and body together by slate-pickin' in the Breaker?"

"I couldn't endure such a life, and I don't see how you can always be so cheerful and contented," replied Porter, looking at his companion half-pitifully, half contemptuously, as one lacking the fine nature to feel privations as he did.

"I can hear the birds sing and feel the warm sunshine this bright May morning. I'm not as bad off as poor Jake Fossett, a helpless cripple, on his back, with no end of pains and aches," replied the blind man in the same cheerful voice. "I tell you, young man, you better count your marcies, instead of bein' allers complainin', or sometime you'll find you've less to count."

Here the two parted to go to their separate tasks, but Porter went to work with his heart full of discontent. There were several men digging in the vein of coal beside him. After an hour or two had passed they all noticed a rumbling and cracking which they thought came from the roof, and fearing that would fall, they began examining it to see if any portion of it appeared disturbed.

But the noise soon became so violent that they all ran into the heading. They had scarcely reached it when the floor of the vein heaved up, opened and a volume of gas rushed out, filling the whole place.

Porter darted into a passage leading inward from the breast; the other men ran forward, and their lamps set fire to the gas, which instantly caused a terrible explosion. Porter being behind the explosion, which always takes an outward course, was stunned only, and slightly injured by being dashed against the coal.

When he recovered from the shock he was in total darkness, but on relighting his lamp he discovered that a dense wall of rock and coal had been thrown down, and effectually barred his escape to the shaft.

Still he felt quite sure he could find another passage out, and turning up the tunnel, he walked on for a long distance, over shattered wood work and through narrow stoops, hoping at every turn to see light ahead.

It was a part of the mine he had never explored, it having been worked out and virtually abandoned. To his unspeakable horror, the tunnel he had been following led him to a large cell, from which there was no further advance. He searched round and round, but only the cold dripping rocks and black dirt met his eyes.

He turned and began painfully to retrace his steps, thinking he might possibly have overlooked some other passage; but no other passage was to be found, and the fearful conviction was forced upon him that he was buried alive.

The air was so foul near the scene of the explosion that he could not breathe there; but he walked back and forth in the dark passage, shouting till he was exhausted, yet hearing only the mocking echo of his own voice. Hope of escape almost left him when he thought how long it might be before help could reach him, for it was impossible to make his position known.

How every circumstance of his past life rushed back upon his memory, and especially the feelings with which he had begun that day. What would he give now for a gleam of sunlight, one sound of a living voice to break the death-like silence!

The air was purer in the farthest cell, and there at last in utter despair he threw himself down, praying that God in mercy would let the end come soon. And unconsciousness did come, but it was the quiet sleep that exhausted nature demanded.

The light of his lamp flickered fainter and fainter, till all was total darkness, yet he slumbered as peacefully as when in his bed at home. But the waking came and the reality of his position burst upon him with renewed horror. He found his pick was still at his side, and he resolved to grope his way

back to the scene of the explosion and work at the wall till he died or escaped; anything was better than inaction.

As he turned to the wall and was feeling for the tunnel, in creeping around a projecting rock, he saw a faint gleam of light that seemed at first like a glow-worm.

He put his finger over the spot and felt cold air coming against it. Was it possible that this was an aperture that might be enlarged? Instantly yet cautiously he struck the spot with his pick, and after a few blows more light was admitted.

Hope now nerved him, and scarcely stopping to take breath, he struck at the rock till the opening was so large he could pass through his hand and feel the warm sunshine upon it.

With a shout of joy he began to pick the earth again, but his random blows brought down more coal than he meant should come. He saw that all danger was not yet over, and that he must use caution where he struck, or he might yet lose his chance of escape.

Slowly now, hour after hour he toiled, bracing up the opening he was making as he worked, till it was large enough for him to pull himself through.

As his head emerged to daylight he looked eagerly about him to see where he was. To his surprise he found himself scarcely half way up a deep hole, where the mine had caved in.

He remembered the spot, and wondered how he could reach the top; for there was nothing on the sides of the hole that he could cling to, to draw himself out of it.

Yet to feel the warm sunshine, see the green trees and hear the birds, were pleasures in themselves he had not expected to enjoy again, and some one would surely pass the opening ere long. After what seemed very weary watching he heard a voice whistling in response to the song of the quails, and he shouted aloud for help.

"What's the matter here?" shouted some one; and looking up, Porter saw his blind friend.

"Don't come to close to this cave-in," he cried to caution him. "But go tell some men to bring a rope and haul me up. I've been buried alive in the mines, but have dug myself out so far and now want help."

"Why if it ain't Jack Porter! We thought you were killed in the explosion yesterday, with all the other poor fellows that were workin' in that vein. Any one else with you?"

"No: I jumped behind the fall, and I suppose that saved me. But you don't mean to say that it happened yesterday? Why it seems as if I had been buried for months."

"Yesterday morning at nine o'clock it burst like an earthquake; an' they're diggin' down there now, while yer mother an' sister are waitin' at the shaft, with the other poor women, to see yer scorched body brought up, as all that's left of you; but I reckon yer glad you ain't dead, after all. Have you found out yet that there's anythin' worth livin' for?"

"I don't think you'll hear me complainin' again. If I get out of this, I mean hereafter to work above ground under the light of God's sunshine. But please get the men, and help me out."

"Well, well, my keen hearin' served you a good turn, now I'll send those who have eyes to serve you another. It'll be a resurrection to a better life, if you have learned to count your marces, and not be allers grumblin' over what you haven't got."

He that gives his heart will not deny his money.

ELEMENTS YIELD TO THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

BY J. T. H.

"THOU shalt have power over the elements; at thy word the wind shall cease to blow and the waves of the sea shall obey thee when it shall be for the salvation of Israel. And thou shalt cause springs to break out in the desert to quench their thirst, through the power of faith in the Lord." These together with many other promises are made to the Elders of Israel by the Lord through His servants, the Patriarchs, and also by the Apostles when they set the Elders apart for their missions to go forth to the nations of the earth as message-bearers of the words of eternal life to a fallen world. This power is given to the servants of the Lord to glorify His holy name in bringing about His righteous purposes, and not to gratify the vain curiosity of any man. In fact it cannot be used for any other purpose than for the honor of the Lord. The writer has had these promises made to him by the servants of the Lord on condition, of course, of a faithful observance of the laws of God. I have seen the power of God manifested in many instances, one or two of which I will relate for the benefit of my young readers.

While traveling and preaching in the Virginia conference, in the Autumn of 1883, in company with Elders L. J. Taylor and James Wood, I saw the promise of the Lord verified. On Saturday the 29th of September we held a meeting together in Buchanan County, and gave out another appointment for Elder Taylor to fill, while Brother Wood and I went several miles further to fill an out-door appointment the next day. When we arose the next morning it was very cloudy and raining, and looked as though we would not be able to hold meeting. We went out into the woods to pray. We asked the Lord to render the elements propitious for the gathering of the people, to stop the rain and to allow the clouds to pass by that we might bear our humble testimonies to the people and leave them without excuse. We believed the Lord would grant our request, and so He did; for in less than forty minutes there was not a cloud to be seen. We went and filled our appointment, had a good time and testified to the goodly number who came of the things of God.

On another occasion Elder N. W. Kimball and I were traveling together in Bland County. We applied for school-houses and churches in which to preach, but were invariably refused. We finally obtained permission to preach in the grove of a Mr. Updike, which was near a little town of some two hundred inhabitants, called Mechanicsburg. On Sunday we visited a Methodist meeting at 11 a. m., got permission of the preacher to announce our appointment for 3 p. m. and walked about a mile to Mr. Updike's and had dinner. In the afternoon the weather seemed very threatening—heavy, black clouds hanging over us as if to indicate that our meeting would be prevented. While returning back to the place of appointment and passing through the woods, we bowed before the Lord in the humble spirit of prayer and implored Him to make the weather favorable for our meeting, and we covenanted with the Lord, as we had done on former occasions, that the words which He put into our mouths we would speak, for He knew what was good for the people.

We had great occasion to rejoice again and praise the Lord for hearkening to our humble petition. He not only quieted the elements, but also filled us with His Holy Spirit by which we preached the gospel in great plainness and power.

THE RIGHT MAN FOR PRESIDENT.

BY W. J.

WE live in an eventful age, and this is peculiarly an eventful year for this country. During a number of years that are past its legislature has made numerous attempts to abridge the liberties of loyal citizens of the United States, and these attempts have been attended with more or less success, on account of the degeneracy of the representatives of the people; but this year this legislative body has outdone itself—it has beaten all its previous efforts. The forefathers of the members thereof spent mind and muscle, treasure and life, to establish civil and religious freedom, and all of the inalienable rights of man on free American soil; but these ignoble sons of a noble ancestry are laboring to break down, uproot and destroy the bulwarks and foundation of the splendid structure which God inspired those honored liberty-founders to erect.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are among the rights enumerated, declared and fought for, but they are measurably ignored. The Senate has done its best, during its last session, to abolish female suffrage, to sunder the sacred ties of husband and wife by compelling the one to testify against the other, to rob the Latter-day Saints, as a religious body, of the right to hold property, and to thus deprive them of liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and this is recorded on earth and in heaven, and the record will have to be met by the nation and its legislators.

This is among the notable events which have transpired in this country during the present year, and before it closes, another very important event is to occur—viz: the election of a President. Already the two great political parties have chosen their candidates, and the struggle for victory has commenced. The country's weal is in the balance, and will be greatly effected by the victorious party; and all good citizens will watch and wait anxiously for the result in November next. But, says an objector, "the Mormons have been hated, hunted and banished, and now they are tabooed, many of them are disfranchised, as a people they are accounted disloyal and a prey to either party that may become dominant—what interest have they in the election of a President of the United States?" Disloyal! America was the fancy of the writer's childhood, his boyhood's dream and his manhood's realization. No interest in a President! On the eve of the funeral of the late martyred Garfield, and after he had retired to rest, the writer's sorrowful thoughts took this particular shape, were committed to paper the next morning, and have remained unchanged:

The Nation mourns! It mourns its earthly head!
President James A. Garfield now lies dead!
And why not? Must a President not die?
Can he escape the fiat from on high?
That all the sons of men must turn to dust,
And meet their record in a court that's just?
But Garfield died by the assassin's hand!
This spreads deep gloom and mourning o'er the land.

No interest in the election of a President! The Latter-day Saints have the true interest in that important event, and none of the office-seeking and self-coveting interest so rife in our day. Disloyal! They are the most truly loyal people now living under the Stars and Stripes, for a part of their sacred creed is to be true to the inspired Constitution given

by the Lord to the founders of the Republic, and all just laws framed consistent therewith; and this constitutes the genuine loyalty.

The Latter-day Saints want a righteous President. And this brings to mind Ex-Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh's description of the kind of President now wanted as published in the *March Century*. Says he, "There is at this time a great and noble work awaiting a President able and willing to do it. It goes without saying that he must be absolutely untrammelled when he takes his solemn oath to defend the Constitution and to execute the laws. He must not have sought the nomination, nor must he have shown after his nomination what President Woolsey so aptly called a most uncommon anxiety for his election, for he must be without friends to reward and without enemies to punish. In the present state of affairs at Washington, he must not only be an honest man, but he must be a *cause of honesty in others*. He must really hate every form of thievery, and must be able to dedicate himself to the solemn work of reforming, not only the administrative service of the National Government, but the very atmosphere itself of the National Capital." This shows the terrible necessity of a mighty reformer in the executive chair. We heartily endorse Mr. MacVeagh's description of the kind of a man the country needs. But will the victorious party elect the right kind of a man? With all due respect to the candidates for the office, we will take the liberty to ask: Can either party *find* just that kind of a man? If so, all right, but, if not, why not ask the Lord to select the right kind of a man for the country's salvation? "Ask the Lord!" exclaims some one with surprise and indignation. Certainly, and although such a thing, may be strange, very strange, in this age of brilliant intellect, yet it is the very best course to pursue in the present political condition of the country.

In the days of Samuel the Prophet, and when he was old, he appointed his sons as judges, but they turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment, therefore, all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together and asked Samuel to make them a king. He inquired of the Lord, who, although not liking the idea of a king for Israel, selected one, and authorized Samuel to anoint him, which was done, and he reigned over Israel. Now, do men turn aside after lucre, take bribes and pervert judgment in our day? If so, why not try to get a God-selected President? A President, selected by the Lord, anointed by His authority and dictated by His Prophet during a trial term, would accomplish a vast amount of good for the country. The Prophet Joseph Smith was willing to serve his country as President, and if the people had accepted him as such instead of martyring him, they would have saved themselves from the sin of shedding innocent blood at Carthage, they would have escaped a terrible civil war, they would have steered clear of some other troubles, and would have been in much better condition to-day. The nation *then* had the privilege of using its influence and wealth to assist in establishing the kingdom of God on the earth, but it rejected its opportunity, and sinned in fighting against it. And *now* it has the privilege of repenting of its opposition and opposing no more; of making restitution for some of the wrongs done to the Latter-day Saints; of seeking unto the Lord for guidance in the path of political salvation; and of attaining unparalleled national prosperity; but, to accomplish all this, the nation must humble itself, and be willing to live by the revelations of the Lord, as given through an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at its head as President.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



It is a painful thing to see young people growing into maturity without fixed opinions upon important subjects. And yet it is very common out in the world; and must of necessity become less rare here if not guarded against. There is not the possibility in these mountains for the sorrowful growth of infidelity which exists elsewhere; because our children, early in life, get the inspiration of their grand belief. But in many cases this does not come so much by a flash of divination as by prayerful thought and earnest study long continued. And if these sources of light and strength be overlooked or too lightly regarded the youth finds himself sometimes beyond the reach of a confident and peaceful belief. To investigate in the spirit of humility is commendable. But when the investigation has resulted once in positive proof, then the youth should say: "Here is one principle which I can implicitly accept. For me, on this point, there shall never more be doubt." One by one he may thus settle his beliefs, may gain the confidence imparted by the possession of unswerving opinions, and may proceed with vigor and yet with meekness to obtain knowledge of the greater truths which comes with study and experience. This is the way to solve all intellectual questions. It is the way to fight one's self clear from the weakness of doubt and the cowardice of agnosticism.

The world is becoming populous with men who say of all the momentous principles of religion and creation: "We do not believe that we or any other people know anything about these occult subjects. We believe in the present time, and in the existence of that which is tangible to our outward senses—but no more." What a state of mind! And yet these persons, many of them at least, are possessed of naturally good intelligence, and had opportunities for religious and philosophical training. But in youth and early manhood, while they should have been definitely proving beliefs, they went on doubting. They evaded the issue with their own thoughts either through fear or indolence, and now, after reaching middle life and old age, they call themselves agnostics—men who do not know whether they believe anything. They drift on the sea of speculation like ships without rudders.

It takes radical men to move the world. A man may possess fixed and even aggressive opinions without being bigoted. Without definite ideas no man, however brilliant, can hope to make an intellectual mark. It is fashionable now in the world to sneer at men having strong religious convictions and to call them fanatics. But many of those persons who thus designate their more positive fellow-creatures are guilty of the greatest bigotry of all—that of weakness and indecision.

By all means, the young men among the Latter-day Saints should have fixed views. Learn and get command of truths one by one. No matter how great any fact or belief may be, when once proven it should remain forever after a settled truth. No man, because of early indolence of mind, should have to force himself in middle life to go back and debate upon the primary truths of the gospel. These things should be learned as one learns to read. And when learned positively, a man should no more doubt a religious truth than he would doubt the order of letters in the alphabet or the simple rule of addition or multiplication in mathematics.

If any young man will try the plan of placing behind him any belief which his prayerful study and experience have proven, and will constantly move forward with his expanding light and strength, asking the aid of the Holy Spirit, he will be astonished in five years to note how many great thoughts he has mastered and how many grand and irrevocable conclusions he has reached.

MAKING A REPUTATION.—In the days when Professor Phelps was a graduate student at New Haven, he took a walk one morning with Prof. Newton, a man who lives in the world of mathematics and simply exists in the common world of ordinary things.

Prof. Newton, as is his habit, started off on the discussion of an abstruse problem. As the Professor went deeper and deeper, Mr. Phelps' mind wandered further and further from what was being said.

At last Mr. Phelps' attention was called back to his companion by the Professor's winding up with, "which, you see, gives us 'x.'"

"Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that in politeness he ought to reply something.

"Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the Professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over the work. There had indeed been a mistake.

"You are right, Mr. Phelps, you are right," almost shouted the Professor. "It doesn't give us 'x'; it gives us 'y.'"

Prof. Newton looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the Professor tripping.

"And so," Mr. Phelps used often to add, in telling the story, "I might have achieved a reputation."—*Ex.*

THERE is nothing, I think, in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle. In all other things we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron if you give him a hammer; not so well as a smith, but tolerably. A man will saw a piece of wood and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddlestick and he can do nothing.—*Dr. Johnson.*

A MAN is not good or bad for one action.

EXAMPLES are the best lessons for youth.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE FLOODS.

A TOUCHING incident is related of the heroism displayed by a young boy during the late floods along the Ohio river. His father, who was in very comfortable circumstances, suddenly died about two years previous to the event we are about to relate, and as his affairs were in a scattered and unsettled condition, considerable means were unavoidably lost in settling the estate; in fact all that remained for the widow and her children, was a small but comfortable home with a small piece of land attached, situated about four miles from the city.

Our hero, who had only turned seventeen, was the oldest child of his parents, and therefore on the death of his father he naturally felt some anxiety for the temporal welfare of the family. But his brave heart knew no fear notwithstanding the fact that he had been reared in comparative luxury.

He left school, but continued to diligently pursue his studies in his leisure moments at home and obtained a situation in the city where the wages he received were sufficient to materially aid the family. Faithfully he labored, and steadily he gained the confidence and good-will of his employers. After completing his labors in the evening, he rode to his home on a little pony he had, and each morning found him punctually at his post in the city.

One evening he was detained a little longer than usual at his work, and it was quite dark before he started for home. To make matters worse it began to rain, lightly at first, but soon it seemed almost as though all the clouds were discharging their contents on the earth. The boy urged his faithful animal forward as fast as possible, but the roads were muddy and the streams of water caused by the rain gradually increased in size. Suddenly the noble boy remembered that someone had remarked in his hearing during the day that the river was rapidly rising and there was some danger of it flooding the entire region around. True his home was situated at some distance from the river, but the country, with the exception of a few hillocks, was flat, and he realized that the torrents coming from above would cause an almost instantaneous rise in the river. Alternating between hope and fear he pressed forward with all possible speed, but he soon discovered that the whole country was covered with water which was quickly increasing in depth.

After some little search the faithful boy found his home,

but it was entirely surrounded by water, some of which had covered the floors of the dwelling. Leaving his well-nigh exhausted horse in the stable, which fortunately had been erected on a knoll near the house, he went to the window and called his mother. How great was her relief at seeing him home in safety, for she had feared he might get lost in the storm and deep water!

Our little hero found his brother and two sisters clinging to their mother and from fear crying as if their hearts would break. The boy's mind soon grasped a plan of escape from the danger, and he proceeded to carry it into effect: the stable would not be reached by the deepening waters and a part of it could quite comfortably be occupied by the family. Taking his eldest sister in his arms he carefully carried her to the place of refuge, and then in turn also conveyed his brother and younger sister there.

Being too weak to carry his mother he hastily lashed a few planks together and thus took her to a place of safety. Other things necessary for the comfort of the family he also transported from the house to the stable. After seeing his loved ones quite comfortably located, the tired yet restless youth went in search of help and before morning he had the whole family in safety at the house of the nearest neighbor.

The waters rose so as to almost fill the house this family had occupied, but they finally subsided leaving the building injured only to a very limited extent, and the dutiful son soon had it placed in a proper condition for the reception of the family again.

This noble act of a faithful son soon became noised abroad. The neighbors assisted the family to get their homestead in good condition again and the employ-

ers of the lad advanced him to a place of honor where his wages were greater, and he was thus enabled to wholly sustain his father's family.



INFLUENCE.—Almost every individual, however inferior in talent, or obscure his station in life may be, has a certain portion of influence in the circle of which he may form a part, if it be but the influence of example. Poverty may have placed him among the most destitute of his fellow-creatures, and disease or accident may have rendered him one of the most helpless; still, even under such circumstances, he may have it in his power to glorify God by his patience, his meekness, his cheerful resignation, and by showing his confidence in the divine promises of support and comfort to all who seek it through their Redeemer.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

[The following story is to be read or related to the children as an opening or closing exercise. At the next meeting to be related from memory by some of the members.]

THE FAITH OF CHILDREN.

SOME years ago a lady friend of mine was taken very sick in the night with a pain around her heart. Her eldest son, a lad of ten years, heard her moans, sprang from his bed and going to her room, anxiously inquired,

"Mother, are you sick?"

"Yes, my son, very sick; run for Brother Smith to come quickly and administer to me."

He awakened his younger brother, a little fellow, but he realized the condition of his dear mother and hurried to make a fire; but seeing her getting worse he called his brother back, saying,

"Come back; mamma will be dead before you can get there."

His little hand had already reached the bottle of oil, and in trembling tones he said, "Let's bless her, brother."

So they poured some holy oil on her head just as they had seen her do in sickness, and then they asked God to bless and heal her from that moment, to send the pain away and let sweet sleep come upon her. Then with tears rolling down their cheeks they both kissed her. She looked up and smiled, clasping her darling ones to her heart, and said:

"My noble boys; your faith has healed me, I am well."

Rising from her bed she knelt with her sons and thanked God our Heavenly Father for His tender mercies towards her, for her dear children, and above all for the gospel.

Perhaps you are thinking, dear children, where their father was. He was dead; so they were dependent on the Lord for a father's care, and you see He did not forget them in their hour of need; for from that hour their mother has never suffered with that pain, and has lived to see her sons do much good in the kingdom of God.

1. Q.—Will you tell me by what power their mother was healed?

2. Q.—To whom did these boys pray?

3. Q.—In whose name did they ask to receive these blessings?

4. Q.—Who is the greatest physician?

5. Q.—Who would those who have no faith have sent for when they were sick?

RECITATION.

See "Primary Hymn Book," page 30:

"Lord, I would own Thy tender care," etc.

(To be recited in concert by the members, learning one stanza at each meeting until they can repeat it all.)

HOW TO CHOP WOOD.

The teacher calls on some boy to tell, in his own language, the proper way to saw and chop wood; with additional information from others at the close of the first boy's remarks.

HOW TO WASH DISHES.

The same process to be pursued with some little girl as to the best method of washing dishes, with suggestions from the teacher.

RIDDLES.

1. Why is a washerwoman the most wonderful woman in the world?

2. Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?

ZINA.

HANG ON.

WHEN our Tom was six years old he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man, who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed Master Tommy on the top of the load and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm the team went pretty briskly down a steep hill. When Tommy entered the house his mother said:

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses were trotting so swiftly down Crow Hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly; "but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tommy. Why sensible? Because he joined working to praying. Let his words teach this life-lesson: In all troubles, pray and hang on like a beaver; by which I mean, while you ask God to help you, help yourself with all your might.—*Selected.*

"THAT BIRD WILL NEVER SING AGAIN."

A GENTLEMAN riding with his family in the country saw a beautiful bird. His son, about four years old, noticed it and watched it with great interest. The father thought he would gratify him

still more by a nearer view of its plumage, and leaving the carriage raised his gun and shot it.

The little boy, his eyes swimming in tears, exclaimed, "Father, that bird will *never* sing again!"

The father said he never after that had the heart to shoot a bird.

Remember, boys, if you exercise your skill in this way you destroy one of God's creatures, and hush a song which is praise to its Maker.—*Ex.*

A RUDE BOY.

At the foot of our street stood an Italian with a hand-organ. Ten or twelve boys gathered around him, more filled with mirthfulness than courtesy. One less noble than the rest said to his fellows:

"See! I'll hit his hat!"

And sure enough he did. Catching up a snow-ball he threw it so violently that the poor man's hat was knocked into the gutter. A bystander expected to see some manifestations of anger. The musician stepped forward and picked up his hat. He then turned to the rude boy, bowed gracefully, and said:

"And now I will play you a tune to make you merry."

Which do you think was the gentleman or Christian?—*Ex.*

"BEG PARDON."

One day, in suddenly turning the corner of a street, a young lady ran against a ragged little boy, and almost knocked him down. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned, and said very kindly to the boy: "I beg your pardon, my little fellow. I am very sorry that I ran against you." The poor boy was astonished. He looked at her for a moment with surprise; and then, taking off his cap and bowing very low, he said, while a smile spread itself all over his face: "You can hev my parding and welcome, miss: and the next time you kin run agin me, and knock me down, and I wont say a word." After the lady had passed on, he turned to his companion, and said: "I say, Jim, it's the first time I ever had any one to ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."—*Ex.*

WHEN the poet Curpani enquired of his friend, Haydn, how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply: "I cannot," he said, "make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

ADVANTAGES OF THE YOUTH OF ZION.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

MANY people living within sight of Mt. Vesuvius have never ascended its lava-ribbed sides to look into the wonderful crater from which belched the fiery mass which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii; and they wonder how it is that tourists take so much pains to climb to its summit.

Hundreds of people within easy reach of the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, have never visited this subterraneous wonder. So in Utah; we live surrounded by some of the grandest scenery on the globe: our lofty mountain peaks wrapped in snow; our grand valleys chequered with fields of golden grain, meadow or pasture, while here and there are the quaint little villages, regularly laid out, with their wide streets lined with shade trees, watered by sparkling streamlets, and comfortable-looking cottage homes surrounded by trees and shrubbery. The tranquil lake with scarce a ripple on its surface reflecting back the gold and purple hues of a glorious sunset, while the advanced shades of sable night walk o'er the high eastern mountains—all go to make up a landscape that challenges the admiration of every stranger. Yet we live in the midst of these splendors and scarcely ever reward the generous efforts of nature to make our abode glorious by even an exclamation of admiration.

This neglect to appreciate the wonders and beauties of nature by which we are immediately surrounded, discovers a peculiarity in human nature; and it extends in other directions than those we have named. How often have we seen boys whose parents were able to send them to the best schools and supply them with every means to acquire knowledge, allowing day after day to slip away in idleness, altogether indifferent to the fine opportunities with which they were blessed, forgetful of the fact that youth, with its advantages, will not always last?

"Oh, man! While in thy early years
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!"

These characters frequently have the mortification of seeing others who have had to struggle up through adverse circumstances passing them in the race of life, and winning a higher station in the estimation of their fellow-men than they can ever attain to. But it is not our purpose to moralize on this matter; we were led into it before we were aware—still, if it falls under the notice of any who are neglectful of their opportunities, may it prove a hint that shall arouse them from their carelessness.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the peculiar advantages and blessings by which the youth in Zion are surrounded. We will not stop to mention the advantages of our geographical location, or the soul-inspiring scenery of our mountain homes; the pure air we breathe, the sparkling, health-giving water we drink, the fruitful soil our fathers cultivate, the extensive orchards and vineyards that yield their luscious fruits, nor our comfortable cottage homes, all of which we possess in peace with none to disturb us or make us afraid. We will say nothing of these and other material blessings which we possess, and for which our hearts should go out in gratitude to Almighty God; for He it is who has blessed the

labors of our parents, increased the streams of water, made the soil productive, and overruled the acts of men so that in spite of all the harm they have sought to do us we are still safe and happy. But we wish to call attention to other and more important advantages which we fear are not sufficiently appreciated. As those who live near great natural wonders, or marvelously beautiful scenery, fail to visit the one or admire the other, so we, reared in Zion, do not have a proper appreciation of many very great and important advantages which are almost thrust upon us, among which there is not a greater one than that *we are taught correct religious principles in our youth*.

We refer to this as the greatest of our advantages because *religion* is the foundation of our characters—a foundation upon which we shall build in time and in eternity; it will temper all our aspirations and influence all the acts of our lives. It is the root that supplies morality with nourishment and makes it bud, blossom and become fruitful in noble deeds.

It may be claimed, however, that morality can exist independent of religion; but if it does it will be of a sickly growth and short lived. We all, doubtless, have seen a tree cut down in the Spring time, and although severed from the roots that gave it life it still contains some sap within it, which is the principle of its life, and the fallen trunk will bring forth leaves but they are sickly-looking things and they soon wither and die, because the branches that bear them have been cut off from the roots which supplied them with life. So it is with that morality which exists independent of religion—it is not permanent.

We have said religion is the foundation of character; and as it is important that the foundation of any building should be made of good material and be well constructed, so also is it important that the foundation of our characters be made up of correct religious principles; for as the foundation is of great consequence in any structure, so is the foundation of our character of great consequence.

It matters not how grand a superstructure we may erect on a poor foundation, it will be of little value because it is unsafe. So in the characters of men. It matters not what natural endowments they may possess, or what their mental culture, if they are wanting in earnest religious conviction and sentiment, if this their foundation is defective they are very liable to make ship-wreck of their lives and prostitute those endowments with which nature clothed them to evil purposes.

How discouraging it is to those engaged in erecting some edifice to discover, after their structure is some two-thirds completed, that the foundation is unsound! Perhaps the material was not of the proper kind to bear the weight of the walls, or it was not well constructed, or a proper place was not prepared on which to build the foundation and it is unsafe. The walls all have to be torn down, the foundation stones have to be taken out and a new foundation laid.

The gospel found our parents very much in the same condition in which this edifice with a poor foundation was. One half or two-thirds of their lives had passed away, and by the light of the gospel which God has revealed anew in this day they discovered that the religious principles which made up the foundations of their characters were incorrect in many respects. Their religious teachers had led them astray—teaching them for doctrine the commandments of men. They had to undo the work of years and build a new foundation out of the materials which the gospel brought them.

How different with us! And how beyond all value ought we to esteem the blessing that from our infancy we are sur-

rounded by the influences of the true gospel of Christ, and are taught correct ideas of the being, perfections and attributes of God, that we in our early life may comprehend our relationship to Him and understand the secret of His love towards us.

The Lord is keeping the promise He made to Israel centuries ago, by the Prophet Jeremiah:

"I will take you one of a city and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion. And I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding."

We have been gathered as the scriptures describe it, and the pastors are given us—Apostles and Prophets, inspired men of God, who receive the word of the Lord and teach us of their ways. Master builders they are and able to give us instructions which, if observed in our lives, will erect the foundations of our characters on the Rock of Ages, and we can continue to build upon it forever in safety. And though the winds may blow, and the floods descend, still our house will not fall, for it is founded on the rock.

What glorious times the children of Zion are seeing! How many of the ancients have desired to see our day, but have not seen it! It is a grand thing to be born in Zion; and the world will recognize it as such before long, President Taylor tells us. The psalmist, too, was not ignorant of it—he says:

"The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O, city of our God. And of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born in her; and the Highest Himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there. (Ps. 87.)

We have pointed out a few of the many advantages possessed by the youth of Zion, but if these opportunities are neglected, if, as we grow old, we find our foundation defective and our superstructure in danger, then let us be assured we shall only have our own determined stupidity or indifference to curse for the ruin that threatens us; and how bitter will be that remorse when we contemplate our failure in life and know that our own neglect has wrought it!

"Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison, the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance the mind
Has this to say—'It was no deed of mine.'
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added—'Blame thy foolish self.'"

O, burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
There's not a keener lash!"—*Burns*.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE READERS.

BY M.

DO you ever think my little friends of what a kind and loving parent our Heavenly Father is! And how forgiving He is of all our faults, and how tenderly He cares for His children at all times? We are all recipients of His mercy and blessings and we have many times been witnesses of open manifestations of His divine care. Often when we have been in danger of death or accident, without suspecting danger ourselves, has His kind interposition saved us. On the children of the Latter-day Saints who are taught to reverence Him

and to pray for His blessings does He bestow them in a bountiful manner, and they more than any other children in the world, ought to reverence Him, love His law and keep it as fast as they are able to understand it.

When I was a little girl between eight and nine years of age a circumstance occurred which I will relate to you as a proof of God's mercy and love for His little ones. My parents lived on a farm in the country, and I with a younger sister attended a district school a mile and a half from home. It was the time of the year when the mountain berries were ripe and squads of the young people might have been seen almost every day betaking themselves to the canyons in search of the luscious fruit. The younger children of the neighborhood, those of my own age were not allowed by their parents to join in the berry gathering for fear of accident from the high waters of the mountain streams which at this season of the year came dashing down the canyon with a force that was terrible.

One day just at the close of the forenoon session of school our teacher announced to us that in consequence of indisposition she would not teach that afternoon but would give us that time for a holiday. The most of the children went straight home as children should do in such a case, but an hour after the dismissal of the school five girls, including myself, were standing at the crossroads consulting about the method for spending the time which we felt was our own. Several propositions were made as to what we should do but none seemed to suit the party entire and they were not adopted. Finally "honest" Clara Gates, (she was called "honest" by the school because of a firm determination she possessed to adhere to what she thought was right in spite of rule or persuasion to the contrary) said: "I propose we all go home as we ought to do" this proposition was favorably received by all the girls except Susie Smith. Susie was a shrewd girl and pretty much of a leader among her associates and on this day she had a plan in her head that could not be carried into effect without a little scheming on her part; her first object had been to convince the other girls that the time that afternoon was honestly their own which she had readily done with all except Clara who though not so bright as Susie could not be shaken in her fidelity to the duty which she understood that she owed her parents, and she protested that as our parents thought we were in school it was disobedience to go any where else without their knowledge and we would be deceivers to do so.

The righteousness and wisdom of Clara's judgment prevailed over Susie's shrewdness and we took up our lunch pails and started for home together, as our homes were all in the same direction. At length Susie suddenly exclaimed, as if she had just thought of it. "Oh, girls, I am going to have one day of real comfort and enjoyment this week." "Where are you going? What are you going to do?" The rest exclaimed in eagerness. "My brothers and I are going up in the canyon to gather service berries." "Why, my mother told us the other day that she would not risk any of her children up in the canyon for anything now, for the water is so high" said Amy Rollins. "I know it *was* dangerous," said Susie, "but it is not now; father and brother Will were up there the other day and they say the banks have washed all that they will wash and the water has fallen a great deal and they say it is safe now and there are just thousands of berries on the hill sides not near the creek which are all nice and ripe too; mother says she would like us to have the pleasure of going at least once this season to gather some, so some day when I can get excused from school I'm going to take my little brothers and

will just have a day of real enjoyment." The prospect of Susie's pleasurable excursion aroused a desire in the rest of us to go berrying too, which was just what she intended her recital of it should do.

"Oh, I wish we could all go up there this afternoon" said Amy. "We would not have time to gather but a few this afternoon" said Susie pretending to not be very anxious about going but in reality she had determined on going from the beginning if she could get the others to go too; but she was too shrewd a girl to openly persuade them into an act of disobedience and wrong but to get them to go and that too on their own responsibility was her aim.

"Well we could have time to fill our lunch pails" another said. "What do you think Clara, had we better go?" said Susie. "I should really like to go if mother will let me" said Clara, "and if we decide to go I'll run home and ask her permission" "We will not have time, if we go home first, to fill our pails, and get home before sun down" said Susie, "besides I would rather surprise my mother with my pail of berries. If we go I say let us go now and get home by the time we usually do from school."

"I'll have to take little Tisha home first" I said referring to my little sister between four and five years old, who was with me; mother would not like to have me take her with me."

"Oh now, do not deprive the little thing of the pleasure of going" said Belle Aiken who was afraid the excursion would fail if there were any more delays. "Susie says it is only a mile and a half to the first berries and she can walk that distance. If she should get tired we'll all help carry her, won't we Clara?"

"If I go I'll help take care of Tisha but I cannot go without letting mother know first, and oh, girls I wish you *could* wait for me to run and ask her. I do want to go so much for I've not gathered a berry this year," and the brown eyes filled with tears but she dashed them bravely from her cheeks. "But you can't wait I know, you'll be late if you do," and she picked up her pail and started off up the road that led to her home, we soon heard her merry voice singing cheerily, to drive away the disappointment you may say, but I think the happy spirit that filled that child's heart with a determination to honor her parents that afternoon filled her soul with such happiness that it had to find vent in joyful song.

After a little persuasion on the part of the other girls it was decided that the child should go along with us. I knew I was doing wrong to take her with me but I could not resist the entreaties of the girls nor the temptation to go with them.

Susie had miscalculated the distance to the berries and we had to go much farther up the canyon for them than we had anticipated, and as many other older people have found at the end of a search after the gratification of a pleasure, the prize was not worth the sacrifice made for it. The berries were few, small and shrivelled, and before we had our pails half filled we were warned that it was time to return home.

The berry gathering that afternoon afforded me very little pleasure. I had very soon begun to learn that the sin of deception and disobedience is a heavy load to carry on the conscience. How I repented that I had not followed the example of "honest" Clara and gone home as I should have done. Little Tisha grew very tired and fretful and cried to go home, and the other girls soon becoming tired of helping to take care of her, this task was entirely left to me. As a last resort to quiet her, I took my empty jelly pail from my pocket and filling it with the berries from my

bucket gave it to her, telling her she might have them to carry home to mother; this pleased her. Just then one of the party discovered at a little distance from us a bush loaded with berries; in a few minutes we were all gathered about it intent on filling our pails and in our eagerness utterly regardless of the nearness of the bush to the bank of the stream which at this place was very high and steep. Suddenly one of the girls exclaimed "I feel as if we ought to leave this bush and run for our lives, girls," and at the same instant a like feeling seemed to impress the rest of us and we gathered our half filled pails and ran off to a distance of several rods where we stood wondering why we had been so impressed to leave the bush. Little Louie Scott said she thought it was God telling us a rattle snake was in the bush and going to bite us. But we did not consult long in wonder about the mighty power that had at that moment saved our lives: a terrible crashing roar was heard from the direction of the bush and we looked just in time to see its branches toppling over with an immense portion of the bank on which it stood into the angry stream below. "God has saved us; it was He who told us to leave the bush" was our first exclamation.

"But where was little Tisha?" sure enough the child was nowhere to be seen. I had not noticed her for sometime, not since I had given her the pail of berries, so busy had we been in our pleasure. "Had she wandered off and got lost, or had she been near the bank and gone down with that terrible cave off?" were the questions that arose. The misery, fear and consternation that filled our hearts can better be imagined by you than described by me, though the agony I endured at that time will be fresh in my mind while I live. We hunted and called for her in every direction. We searched for her along the creek peering down from the high banks over the roaring waters to see if we could not discern her little body lodged against some large boulder or pile of driftwood. We kept up our search till after the sun went down; we knew it would be vain to hunt any more that night.

My grief and despair could not be told in words and I said I could not go home to mother without her; I would stay and hunt for her all night. It was proposed by one that we all kneel down and ask God to direct us to her. We readily agreed to this and went to one side of the road by a clump of bushes to pray, when Susie Smith, with a burst of grief exclaimed, "Oh girls I can't pray with you for I've a lie on my soul and I can't pray to God when He knows that what I told you to-day about my father saying the creek was not dangerous was false, and mother would never have allowed me to come had she known it. Oh, I am an awfully wicked girl and I am the cause of that poor little child's death if God does not forgive me and show us where to find her to-night. Pray to Him to forgive me girls."

We all knelt down and each in turn implored our Heavenly Father to forgive Susie for her sin and forgive us for our disobedience, and asked Him to direct us to find the little child. We arose feeling comforted and satisfied that she was alright and that we would find her. Without knowing why we started off in the direction of home. We plodded along in the already deepening darkness very silently, each busy with her own thoughts for about a mile when we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs coming towards us, and soon we had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing my eldest brother and a brother of Susie's who were out in search of us and in my brother's arms closely nestled sat little Tisha. He found her asleep by the roadside about a half mile further on with her little

pail of berries beside her which he would not have noticed in the darkness had she not exclaimed when he roused her, "Dit my buttet of berries, dey are for mamma." The little thing had started for home it seems immediately upon my giving her the berries and telling her she might take them to mother. Tired with her long walk she had laid down by the side of the road and fallen asleep. When I arrived home late that night and learned of how my mother had suffered through fear because of our absence I again repented of the folly that led me away that afternoon.

My companions of that afternoon now have families of their own and I often wonder whether they tell their little ones of the wonderful manner in which God preserved our lives that day. If they do not I hope they will read it from the JUVENILE in which I have stated the facts exactly as they occurred.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE RECENT MURDER—HOW IT IS VIEWED BY PUBLIC MEN
AND JOURNALS—ARE WE RETROGRADING?

AMONG all the horrible deeds recorded on the pages of history none excel and very few equal in atrocity the dastardly murder committed in the State of Tennessee. Its parallel cannot, at least, be found in the history of this nation. That men who were traveling among the people preaching doctrines the correctness of which they invariably proved from the holy scriptures should be shot down when about to hold religious services by a masked mob and that these demons remain so long unknown or at least unpunished is surely an evidence of retrogression. Had such an outrage been committed in the days when the founders of this republic lived, we doubt not but that they with their stern sense of justice and right would have left no stone unturned until the guilty wretches who committed such a crime had received their just dues. No matter of what religious denomination the victims were, those early patriots would have maintained that God-inspired provision of the Constitution protecting everyone in the practice of his religion.

Now, however, the times and the spirit of our legislators are changed. Toleration and religious freedom are principles which in certain instances exist only in name. Over one hundred years' experience has not brought that advancement in some respects which the fathers of the Constitution doubtless so fondly anticipated. In these days an honest, industrious people because they believe in an unpopular religion, can be persecuted without even a remonstrance from the nation's leaders. In these days inimical laws can be passed by Congress and pronounced constitutional by the Supreme Court against the religious tenets of a weak people. Now, American citizens can be robbed of their franchise because they dare to practice the principles of their faith, and innocent women can be imprisoned for refusing to answer the impertinent questions of inquisitive lawyers. And in these days, innocent and God-fearing men can be inhumanly butchered and their wretched assassins go unwhipped of justice.

Nor is this all; such tragedies as that enacted so recently in one of these United States would in all civilized communities

meet with the most unqualified condemnation. But in this "land of the free and home of the brave" many public journals in all parts of the country justify the brutal assassination, and men in "high places" consider the act commendable, advancing the plea, used by the Jesuits of the middle ages for their barbarities, that "the end justifies the means."

True, it has been asserted by some, without the shadow of evidence, however, that the "Mormon" missionaries have entered into families for the purpose of causing separations with a view to misleading innocent females. We are at the defiance of the world to prove this base assertion. These noble men who taking their lives in their hands go forth to teach fallen humanity the plan of salvation, leave their cheerful homes and loving families in these mountains for no other purpose than to perform a duty which they owe to God and man, and with no expectation of other reward than that which the Lord will give for the faithful performance of duty. To think that these men would make such sacrifices from such degraded motives as are attributed to them, is absurd in the extreme. They are sent, without exception, to preach the gospel which is a message of peace; to preach that which will, if obeyed, cause wives to love, honor and obey their husbands, children to carry out the counsels of their parents, and all people to live together in union, and to respect the laws of the land.

But when men teaching such doctrines can be robbed of life without indictment, or trial, or condemnation, it is surely an evidence that the nation is retrograding. When deeds of this nature remain unpunished, even if the unfortunate victims are "Mormons," we have no guarantee but that the votaries of some other religion may, when they perchance become unpopular, be also cruelly slaughtered. Life will, if such things continue, become as worthless as it was in the bloody days of the Inquisition, and freedom of speech and thought will no longer exist in the United States of America.

Beauties of the Gospel.

INTRODUCTION.

BY E. F. P.

PROBABLY all true Latter-day Saints who have had years of experience in the Church of Jesus Christ, realize to some extent the beauty and grandeur of the gospel which has been restored in its purity to the earth in these days. No doubt they have viewed its principles with admiration and taken great pleasure in studying them.

But many of the youth who have not reflected much upon religious matters are unable to comprehend the beauties of the gospel, although some of them may be able to realize the importance of learning its doctrines and the necessity of practicing them.

Many young persons have an idea that being religious, or yielding strict obedience to the principles of the gospel deprives them of the enjoyments of life, or at least debars them from many pleasures in which they otherwise might indulge.

Most of them think it is well enough for older persons to be religious, and even express their intentions, when they grow older, to settle down and be "good Saints;" but while they are

young they propose "to enjoy themselves." Such persons generally imagine that all books of a religious character are of a necessity filled with "dry," uninteresting matter, because, as they think, the subjects upon which they treat are not exciting or calculated to arouse interest. If they happen to take up a work of a religious nature they will invariably lay it down again as soon as the character of its contents is discovered. Some persons of this class even claim to have a cultivated taste, and a fondness for reading literature of an elevating character.

These are generally the excuses that young persons offer for their careless indifference in regard to religion. No person ever made a greater mistake than to believe that obedience to religious principles has a tendency to decrease their happiness or prohibit them from enjoying the true pleasures of this life. By living in accordance with the teachings of the gospel a person's happiness is increased instead of lessened. In fact the pleasures of life are only enjoyed to the fullest extent by those who obey the laws of the gospel, which are in truth the laws of life. It is an entirely erroneous idea to imagine that true happiness can be gained in any other way than by living a pure and holy life. This fact is clearly evident when we consider what the gospel is and what constitutes happiness. In order to be really happy one must have a clear conscience. It matters not what his worldly circumstances may be, if he is in possession of bodily health, if his mind is at rest and he is contented and can live at peace with all he can enjoy life. But these essentials cannot be possessed by those who disregard the laws by which they are obtained. Obedience to the laws of the gospel is the only thing that will insure to us these blessings. The gospel teaches us to be honest, truthful and to do to others as we would wish to be done by. It also teaches us how to obtain and preserve our bodily health; and it is the observance of these duties of life that enables us to enjoy the serenity of peace and happiness.

But some will make the objection that the observance of the Sabbath day and the other duties that the Saints have to perform take up a great deal of time which they could spend more enjoyably in some other way. We would ask such persons, what is more pleasant to one's feelings than the satisfaction that he is fulfilling his duties? Or, what is a more agreeable change from the monotony of our daily avocations, and at the same time affords more rest, than attending to religious services? We know of nothing. It is quite necessary that our body and mind should be relieved from their constant strain at least once a week, and this necessary rest cannot be obtained by going out pleasure-seeking; and to lounge about home doing nothing is not congenial to the feelings of those who are accustomed to activity. When one is engaged in the performance of his duties his conscience approves of his acts, and he receives a peacefulness of mind that cannot otherwise be experienced.

(To be Continued.)

PREJUDICES.—If a man will look at most of his prejudices he will find that they arise from his field of view being narrow like the eye of a fly. He can have but little better notions of the whole scheme of things, as has been well said, than a fly on the pavement of St. Paul's Cathedral can have of the whole structure. He is offended, therefore, by inequalities, which are lost in the great design. This persuasion will fortify him against many injurious and troublesome prejudices.

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Thy people when oppressed, O Lord, Still hope and trust in Thee, For Thou hast pledged Thy faithful word Their safeguard still to be. And tho' the threat'ning clouds may low'r, And darkness shroud the earth, They know there is a coming hour—An endless day of mirth—Awaiting all the Saints of God Who bore the persecutor's rod, Awaiting all the Saints of God Who bore the persecutor's rod.

They then shall see the glorious sun
Again in splendor rise;
They'll be all those who lived and won
The Saints' immortal prize.
The meek, the loving and the just,

The righteous and the pure,
Who put in God their only trust
For patience to endure;
These shall enjoy through endless years
Rewards for losses, blood and tears.

ENIGMA.

BY B. J. BEER.

At early morn I take my way,
Nor cease to travel all the day;
When night its sable mantle shows,
And wearied souls take their repose,
I trudge along with rapid pace,
Yet still I always keep my place
O'er earth and ocean I can stride,
Without a friend my steps to guide;
In social circles I'm oft exempt,
And many treat me with contempt;
I'm kind to all who will embrace
The chance they have to see my face.

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